

## 2. Qu. Honoured Hypolita

Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'st slaine  
 The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as strong  
 As it is white, wast neere to make the male  
 To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord  
 Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour  
 First nature stilde it in, shrunke thee into  
 The bownd thou wast ore-flowing; at once subduing  
 Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireffe  
 That equally canst poize sternenes with pittie,  
 Whom now I know hast much more power on him  
 Then ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength,  
 And his, Love too: who is a Servant for  
 The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glaske of Ladies  
 Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,  
 Under the shaddow of his Sword, may coole us:  
 Require him he advance it ore our heades;  
 Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman  
 As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;  
 But touch the ground for us no longer time  
 Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:  
 Tell him if he it's blood cizd field, lay swolne  
 Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone  
 What you would doe.

*Hip.* Poore Lady, say no more:

I had as leife trace this good action with you  
 As that whereto I am going, and never yet  
 Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken  
 Hart deepe with your distresse: Let him consider  
 Ile speake anon.

3. Qu. O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*  
 Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied  
 Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting forme  
 Is prest with deeper matter.

*Emilia.* Pray stand up,  
 Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. Qu. O woe,  
 You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,

Like

Like wrinckled p  
 You may behold  
 He that will all th  
 Must know the C  
 For my least minn  
 To catch one at m  
 Extremity that sh  
 Makes me a Fool

*Emili.* Pray y  
 Who cannot feel  
 Knowes neither v  
 The ground-pee  
 T'instruct me ga  
 Such heart peirc  
 Being a naturall S  
 Your sorrow bea  
 That it shall mak  
 My Brothers hea  
 Though it were r

*Thef.* Forwa  
 O'th sacred Cere

1. Qu. O T  
 Will long last, an  
 Your Suppliants  
 Knowles in the c  
 Is not done rashl  
 Then others labo  
 More then their  
 Soone as they m  
 Subdue before th  
 What beds our s

2. Qu. Wha  
 That our decre

3. Qu. Nor  
 Those that with  
 Weary of this w  
 Beene deathes r  
 Affords them d

1. Qu. But